By The Sword

by Kalamadea

Category: Halo Genre: Poetry Language: English Status: Completed

Published: 2006-01-13 23:18:05 Updated: 2006-01-13 23:18:05 Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:59:06

Rating: T Chapters: 1 Words: 157

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A poem about vengeful Elites

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His mandible clicks and his feet stomp
>should I approach? What a festive romp.
sbr>Silence scares him, but a battle eases
>a dead Human body, tis all to his pleases.>

Approach I, around the purple bend >unbeknown of a strange clear blend.

something hides, behind a vail >ready to strike, but to no avail.>

His slash's quick
>but my dodge's better.
His sword, slick
>but my fist, like a tether.

I pull him in, and give him a smash >I push him out, lands with a splash.

He falls to the ground, a heap of death

there I pant, detached of breath.

Something amiss
>in my body of steel.
in my body of steel.
>nor can I feel.
the legs under me
>a scary thought
but as I look down
>I feel so caught.>

'Lo a slash of revenge >by this poor Elite
cut off my legs >from above, my feet.

By The Sword.

End file.